ous Perwig-pated fellow tere a paſſion to totters, to verie rags, to ſpleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for the moſt part are capable of nothing but in explicable dumbe ſhewes, and noiſe: I would haue ſuch a fellow whipt for ore-doing Termagant, it out *Herods*, *Herod*, pray you auoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own diſcretion be your tutor, ſuite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance, that you ore-ſtep not the modeſtie of Nature: For any thing ſo ore-done, is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end both at firſt, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to Nature, to ſhew vertue her feature; ſcorn her own Image, and the very age and bodie of the time his forme and preſſure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious grieue, the cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue ſeen play, and heard others praiſd, and that highly, not to ſpeake it profanely, that neither hauing th' accent of *Chriſtians*, nor the gate of *Chriſtian*, *Pagan*, nor man, haue ſo ſtrutted & bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iournymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie ſo abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let thoſe that play your Clownes ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them, for there be of them that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barraine Spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſarie queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull ambition in the Foole that vſes it: go make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this piece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldenſterne, and Roſencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently,

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. Will you two help to haſten (them.

Roſ. I my Lord. *Exeunt thoſe two.*

Ham. What how, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your ſeruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iuſt a man
As ere my converſation copt withall.

Hora.

3 *noyse* 11 *at the first* 21 *iornimen*
22 *abhominably* 36 *howe*